

Good Morning 372

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sunday at Home Torp. John Richardson

A BLACK spaniel, which we learned afterwards was Pat, gave us a rousing welcome when we visited her home in East View, High Heworth, Gateshead-in-Tyne, Torp. John Richardson. She was waiting at the door to go for her Sunday walk with your father. Apparently she knows the day and time each week.

Mum was mixing the stuff to make a Yorkshire pudding, and your sister, Eleanor, was busy making herself a hat. A pot was steaming on the hearth, and the smell of the Sunday joint was . . . perfect. Foster had been out since daybreak, cycling, and Sylvia was in bed, having an extra forty winks, which we understand is just what you do on a Sunday at home.

We bet that gives you a good breath of what it's like at home on Sunday morning, John.

Dad said he's watching out for a watch for you. It seems you are always in need of them, judging by the number you have had in recent years.

They all hope you will be hitting a home port before long and joining them in a celebration.

Here's Mum and Eleanor sending their love, and wishing you lots of good luck. Note how Pat scrounged into the picture.
Good Hunting, John!



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



1,000,000 Miles

SINCE the 1st of September, 1940, British Volunteer Ambulance Corps drivers have carried over 100,000 sick and wounded Service personnel, and travelled over 1,000,000 miles.

The Anglo-French Ambulance Corps, now the British Volunteer Ambulance Corps, was founded in October, 1939, to provide ambulances for the French Army. The public immediately subscribed generously.

In April, 1940, a section of women drivers went to France. The drivers were enrolled as poilus in the Nineteenth Section en Train. This section subsequently became Auxiliary Ambulance Unit No. 5/101-19 of the French Army, under the command of Lieut.

the Regimental Croix de Guerre.

When the French armistice was declared, the section made its way south, hoping to reach a port from which to escape to England. Eventually the drivers reached Bordeaux. All ambulances were left behind when the section embarked on the 21st June, 1940, from this port, after a British ship, the "Royal Scotsman," had entered the harbour to evacuate all British citizens and serving personnel.

Also aboard was a contingent of Polish soldiers, who later took part in the North African campaign. The section arrived in England on the 24th of June, after a dangerous voyage, menaced by mines and bombers. In London, during June, the Corps was forming two men's sections for service overseas, although the general upheaval made recruiting difficult. As the collapse of France seemed imminent, these sections were withheld by order of the War Office. Events soon proved that this was a very fortunate decision.

In July, after the capitulation of France, the Corps was renamed the "British Volunteer Ambulance Corps" and its services offered to the War Office. These were gratefully accepted, as there was a shortage of Army ambulances.

A men's section was sent off to the Northern Command a few weeks later, and two reformed women's sections were sent to the Southern and Western Commands at the same time.

The sections arriving at their new posts were equipped with ambulances, mostly provided by the Corps for War Office use, and placed under the orders of the Commands to which they were attached. The Royal Army Service Corps assisted some sections.

To-day, this ambulance unit, equipped with the most modern Army ambulances, is playing an important part in the vast organisation which transports the wounded.

And this is the story of 100,000 wounded soldiers and 1,000,000 miles . . .

Peter Vincent

This was the Boxing Beckett

By W. H. Millier

AFTER Joe Beckett had so decisively beaten Frank Goddard by knocking him out in two rounds, many people began to think that we had at last found a real heavy-weight champion—one who might restore British boxing prestige in the 'heavy-weight line.

Beckett was written up as a great possibility, and was then matched with Eddie McGoorty, an American light-heavy-weight, who had first come to visit us in 1909.

McGOORTY was one of the best American fighters who failed to get a world title. His trouble was that he was in between weights. He was too heavy to be at his best when weighing in at the middle-weight limit, and as there were few notable light-heavy-weights at this period, he had to fight heavyweights.

It speaks volumes for his ability that he lost very few contests in a long career. He started out as an amateur when he was only 15, and at this age he won the Wisconsin State amateur light-weight championship by defeating three opponents in one evening.

At 16 he was a professional, and in a few seasons had hit up a long list of knock-out victories.

When he decided to try his fortunes in European rings, he did not come direct to London, but landed in Ireland, the home of his parents.

In Dublin, McGoorty made a host of friends—he was modest and had a pleasing personality—and it was not long before he was matched to fight Petty Officer Curran, of Plymouth, who was born in County Clare.

Curran could fight and he had a hefty punch. As McGoorty was conceding more than two and a half stone to his tough opponent, it was a fine performance on his part to win after twenty hard rounds.

IN DUBLIN'S FAIR CITY.

He had two more contests in Dublin before appearing in Belfast. In his second contest he met with his first defeat. He lost the decision to Tom Lancaster, of Newcastle, who was one of our leading middle-weights and a really first-class boxer.

McGoorty, however, revealed his true form when he reversed the decision against him by beating Lancaster in the return contest in Dublin a few months later.

Shortly afterwards McGoorty returned to the United States, and greatly enhanced his reputation by a large number of victories over first-class performers. He tried in vain to get a match for the world's middle-weight title, and remained in America until the end of 1913, when he went to Australia.

It was here that he reached his peak. He opened out by knocking out the Australian champion, Dave Smith, in the first round on New Year's Day, 1914, at Sydney, and went on to hit up a fine list of victories, becoming very popular with Australian fight followers.

When the war of 1914-18 put an end to big boxing for the time being, McGoorty was in the British Isles with his fellow-countrymen. He was still in the championship class, although he did not actually hold a title.

It was thought by many good judges that McGoorty would prove too good for Beckett, whose experience was not to be compared with the American's. But that two-round victory over Goddard had sent Beckett's stock high, and the match was considered to be a highly desirable one.

C. B. Cochran promoted the contest at Olympia, and shortly before the fight was due he had a bit of a scare in thinking the attraction would be ruined by the idea spreading that McGoorty was not properly trained for the fight.

It was whilst the American was in training that a party of Doughboys, many of them old

cronies of the boxer, was about to leave England for home.

McGoorty, being his own boss, took a day off from his training, which was no bad thing to do in itself, and finished up with a glorious binge on parting with his comrades.

By the time he reached the Strand his footwork was not up to championship standard; it was not up to the ordinary pedestrian's standard either, by a long way, and a policeman thought it best to guide his tottering steps into the safe confines of Bow Street, for McGoorty's own safety, of course.

McGOORTY WAS PRETTY.

Directly C. B. Cochran heard about this he was greatly alarmed. He sent for his publicity man and told him to do his best to see that it did not get into the newspapers.

Had nothing been said and nothing done, the chances are that the case, being one of ordinary inebriation, would have been completely ignored by the reporters.

It was only when the promoter's emissary made the mistake of rustling crisp notes whilst asking the reporters not to mention that this McGoorty was the McGoorty, the American boxer, who was in training to fight Beckett, that the fat was in the fire.

"We don't do things like that in this country," snapped one of the reporters, and that was that.

As a consequence, the case was reported in the evening papers and carried over to the dailies. One more headache for the promoter.

If this created alarm and despondency in the promoter's office, it had just the opposite effect in Beckett's camp, and our heavy-weight went about his task of getting fit in a much more jubilant frame of mind than usual.

Contrary to Cochran's fears, the report of McGoorty's little lapse did not adversely affect the gate receipts, but it did serve to remove a little of the lustre of Beckett's victory in some quarters, where it was suggested that Beckett only won because the American had not trained as thoroughly as he might have done.

This was wrong. I paid several visits to McGoorty's camp, and I know that he was perfectly fit.

He was not the type to neglect his training at any time, but in the fight game the merest wisp of smoke is immediately fanned into a blazing fire.

I can tell you that in all his career Beckett did nothing better than defeat McGoorty in seventeen rounds.

BUT BECKETT WAS BETTER.

It was that fight that proved Beckett to be a real champion, although subsequent affairs proved otherwise, but that was the waywardness of Beckett.

On this night he never put a fist or a foot wrong. McGoorty was indeed a past-master, but try as he would he could never get the upper hand in this fight.

Beckett was on the top of his form, and he won nearly every round until he had reduced his man to the right condition for the knock-out, which he accomplished in the seventeenth round.

If only Beckett had fought like this in subsequent contests, we should have had a champion who might well have gone on to bring back to this

country the world's heavy-weight title. That he possessed the ability was proved in this contest under review, but we have since realised that he had not the right temperament to break down the circumstances that militated against his success.

At all events, although he was not exactly popular, the fact that he had shown such fine form in defeating McGoorty at once placed him right at the top as the number one drawing card for the leading promoter, who at that time was that great showman, C. B. Cochran.

There had been plenty of discussion concerning a likely opponent for Carpentier, as the French champion had been lively in stirring up interest in himself by giving interviews here, there and everywhere, with a view to getting back into the limelight.

Thus Mr. Cochran saw a real, ready-made money-maker in a match between Carpentier and Beckett.

It had been assumed that Carpentier had finished with the ring when the 1914 war came, as he had by that time made quite enough money to enable him to retire, but as soon as he realised what a mint of money was being thrown around in London he made all preparations to grab some of the loot.

Besides, he had invested the major portion of his ring earnings in the coal mines at Lens, and these had been destroyed, or at least put out of action for a long time.

AND SMITH WAS GO-GETTER.

He did not then know that he would receive compensation in full, and he liked to think that he would have enough money to keep him in comfort.

As a start towards getting back into the big money, Carpentier fought one of our veterans, Dick Smith, in Paris, and had a near squeak in the process.

Smith outboxed his man and floored him for a long count, but the timekeeper did not shout "Out," and Carpentier survived to knock his man out in the eighth round.

When Mr. Cochran, shortly after Beckett's victory over McGoorty, announced that he had matched Beckett with Carpentier, there was an immediate rush for tickets.

Fight enthusiasts had not forgotten how Bombardier Wells had fallen such an easy victim to Carpentier of the contemptuous smile, and they felt that in Beckett we had the man capable of removing that smile.

The seating capacity of Olympia was between eleven and twelve thousand people, and it was soon apparent that this would not be half big enough to hold all the spectators who would wish to attend.

Just as Cochran was feeling that he was really in clover, Carpentier informed him that he would not be ready to fight on the date fixed and another date would have to be made. The Frenchman played this trick several times in his career and was allowed to get away with it. This time the promoter regarded it as a disaster.

If Olympia could not be used on the date originally fixed it was not available for many months afterwards. There was no other hall of comparable size, and it was a problem that might have floored many promoters, but it did not floor Cochran, as we shall see.

Your priests, whate'er their gentle shamming,
Have always had a taste for damning.

Tom Moore.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Drink.
4 Coat.
fastenings.
9 Corpulent.
11 Myth maiden.
13 Accumulate.
15 Female animal.
16 Open-work cases.
18 Rule.
19 Bee-hive.
20 Musical instrument.
22 Story.
24 Because.
26 Beetle.
27 Sugar-coated.
30 Butter.
32 Night animal.
34 Excited.
36 Astonish.
38 Strata.
39 Peruke.
40 Tree.
41 Assists.

BAFFLE FELT
UR RAILWAY O
STINGY DOES
HAG H LETTS
EPISTLES H
LED EON DIM
R ARTIFICE
HEADS E VAN
IDLE ANGELA
L SPLICES G
TROT METTLE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Record book. 2 By surprise. 3 Sea-bird. 4 Lengths. 5 Supported by. 6 Exercise room. 7 Paltry. 8 Demonstrated. 10 Formed. 12 Glory. 14 Respect. 17 Transgress. 19 Employees. 21 Dislike. 23 Shining. 25 Jibs. 28 Slow pace. 29 Lees. 31 Curve in pipe. 33 Pulp. 35 Observe. 37 Light sharp sound.

To-day's Brains Trust

AN Architect, a Geologist, a Provincial Lord Mayor, and—to represent the housewives—Mrs. Everywoman, discuss the question:—

What are the Brains Trust's anticipations for the great cities of the world in 5,000 years' time? What will they be like?

Architect: "They will, of course, be properly planned, and not allowed to grow indiscriminately at the will of private landowners and builders. Many tentative plans have already been worked out, and most of them include the provision of 'green belts,' which are belts of park-land preventing too large an area of built-up space in one place.

"I am not sure about blocks of flats, though I fancy there will be blocks, each standing in its own spacious garden, but also there will be terraced houses."

Lord Mayor: "In five thousand years' time there may

very well be some sort of control over population. Cities will probably not be as large as some of our present industrial towns, and I think increase in our knowledge of science will probably have abolished the so-called working-class and manufacturing quarters.

"Manufactures will be largely done by noiseless, dirtless machinery, and this will be housed in centres away from the towns where people live and shop and indulge in social activities.

"Easy transport will tend to replace our large townships by numbers of smaller ones, with large stretches of unspoiled countryside in between."

Geologist: "If I may take an even bolder view, I think it possible that our manufactures may be done underground.

"I visualise pretty towns of the country type on the slopes of our hills, and the factories, power stations, gas-works (if there are any) and refuse destructors hidden away within the hills themselves.

"I do not see any necessity for having such eyesores on the surface at all."

Mrs. Everywoman: "I certainly hope that what you say is true, and I also hope that

the private house will once more replace the block of flats. The houses will, I imagine, be of simple design, and will be run with the aid of real labour-saving devices.

"They may be without chimneys, for coal fires will possibly be things of the past. Some sort of central heating may be supplied on tap from a municipal works, just as our cold water is supplied to-day."

Geologist: "Yes, the world's coal stocks will probably be exhausted long before 5,000 years have gone by, and it is extremely unlikely that the world of that time will boast any chimneys at all.

"The building materials will almost certainly be synthetic products like glass.

"I mentioned that the factories may be hidden away underground. In the country, however, there will be hydro-electric plants supplying power to the factories, and in the centre of each town there will probably be an aerodrome."

Lord Mayor: "The alternative to going underground is, of course, to go upwards.

"H. G. Wells once suggested that the cities of the future would be glassed over, every street an arcade, in which the citizens went to and fro protected entirely from the weather. Somewhere on the glass roof of each city there would be an aerodrome.

"The city beneath would be constantly lighted by artificial sunlight, and only the curious would ever trouble to come out into the open country to enjoy the real thing. But I think that is a pessimistic view to take of the future."

Architect: "Yet something of the sort has already been proposed for London! The first plan was to roof over the entire area of King's Cross and St. Pancras, including the stations and adjoining streets, and to build an airport on top. This was followed by another to roof over the Thames and have the airport there. I sincerely hope nothing of the sort is ever done."

USELESS EUSTACE



"A salute is all that is required, private! In future, kindly omit the 'Watcher, mate!'"

J. S. Newcombe's Short odd—But true

Nature has coloured the rose-beetle green on the back and red underneath, a camouflage so clever that it is difficult to spot the beetle as it feeds on the juice of the flower.

Many celebrated people became Quietists, followers of a doctrine expounded by a Spaniard, Miguel Molinos, in the 17th century, which cleared away all rites and ceremonies and clung to the belief that the mercies of God and the merits of Christ were sufficient for a man's religious needs.

The offspring of a white and a half-breed or mulatto is called a quadroon, signifying that the child is three parts white and one-fourth black.

Large pear-shaped flints, known as potstones, which are occasionally unearthed from chalk formations, are said to be the fossils of sponges.

QUIZ for today

1. Rappee is raw silk, kind of rum, snuff, Scotch plaid, Indian corn?
2. Who wrote (a) The Island, (b) The Islanders?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Wherry, Coble, Carack, Scow, Curricie, Randan, Coracle.
4. Who is the patron saint of travellers?
5. At what game was Harry Vardon once champion?
6. What fish can be obtained on draught or in bottle?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Durable, Deodarse, Drugget, Dramatist, Dacoity, Discrepancy, Dittany.
8. What are the dimensions of a hockey field?
9. How old is Charlie Chaplin?
10. For what was Datas famous?
11. After what English King is a breed of dogs named?
12. How many meanings can you think of for the word "bar"?

Answers to Quiz in No. 371

1. Fish.
2. (a) Charlotte Brontë, (b) Oliver Wendell Holmes.
3. Collar-bone.
4. Southampton is not a city; others are.
5. J. M. W. Turner.
6. 9,000 feet.
7. Trivial, Trivet.
8. From its French name, "limande." (Nothing to do with lemons.)
9. Purple and green.
10. A Chinese secret society.
11. They are not black, but brown, and they are not beetles, but relatives of the locusts.
12. Dzbugashvili.

JANE



Badger's on Probation

BADGERS have increased enormously in the past thirty years. They have also grown more aggressive, and where once they bred in the same earth as foxes, they now are the sole occupants.

Their enemies have appealed to the Ministry of Agriculture.

They point out that the badger is an inveterate poultry thief; no wire netting can keep him out of a poultry-house, which he will rip open as though it were made of paper. He kills lambs and eats their brains. He will devour a sitting pheasant or partridge as readily as he does a wasps' nest.

In hunting country, he does much damage by opening earths that have already been stopped.

To make matters worse, he is difficult to trap or poison. Digging entails so much time and labour that it isn't worth while. He has no natural enemies. His courage when at bay has earned for him the title Britain's Animal Hero No. 1.

But he has friends, too, and these point out that he is invaluable as a destroyer of pests. They also claim that many of the crimes attributed to him were actually the work of foxes.

The Ministry of Agriculture are inclined to the view that if kept within reason-

able bounds he does no appreciable harm. They have put him on probation.

Our great-grandparents used to enjoy the sport of badger-baiting. It was prohibited as a "sport" by an Act of Parliament as far back as 1850. But just before the war it broke out again in the North, where "Brock," as they call him, provided thrills surpassing those of cock-fighting.

Those who allow their dogs or land to be used for this purpose are liable to severe penalties. Even lookers-on can be heavily fined or sent to prison for six months.

Brock is placed in a box or barrel and then dogs are allowed to attack and attempt to draw him out. None but the fiercest fighting dog will face a maddened badger.

He has tremendous strength in his lower jaw, which is locked into its socket in a remarkable way, and the skin is loose. So that, when Brock is seized by dogs, he can turn and bite his aggressors.

If the badger is dragged from the barrel by half-a-dozen dogs or more, he is allowed to return to it, and then the baiting begins all over again.

The badger is a difficult animal to keep in a zoo, but there are a number of private owners who have made quite pets of them.

Best known, perhaps, is

WANGLING WORDS—318

1. Put a symbol in DEER and get an artist.
2. In the following, first two lines of a famous poem, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What are they? Lispra hatt eb heter ho ot dangeln ni won.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change BEER into WOOD, and then back again into BEER, without using the same word twice.
4. Find the hidden fasteners in: Hundredweights are all right, but tons are too heavy.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 317

1. Power.
2. Land of Hope and Glory.
3. HENS, pens, peas, peat, meat, moat, coat, coot, COOP, loop, loot, lost, lest, lent, lens, HENS.
4. Te-ache-r.

Porky, who has wandered away from his mistress's home at Stone Lodge, Ipswich, on more than one occasion, and so into the news columns.

Porky lives amicably with a dozen dogs, takes walks with Lady Allwyn, his owner, and even swims in the sea at Felixstowe, a most unusual thing for a badger. He eats anything from buns to blanc-mange, and as to drink—well, you see him in the picture taking his glass of champagne... and does he like it?

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



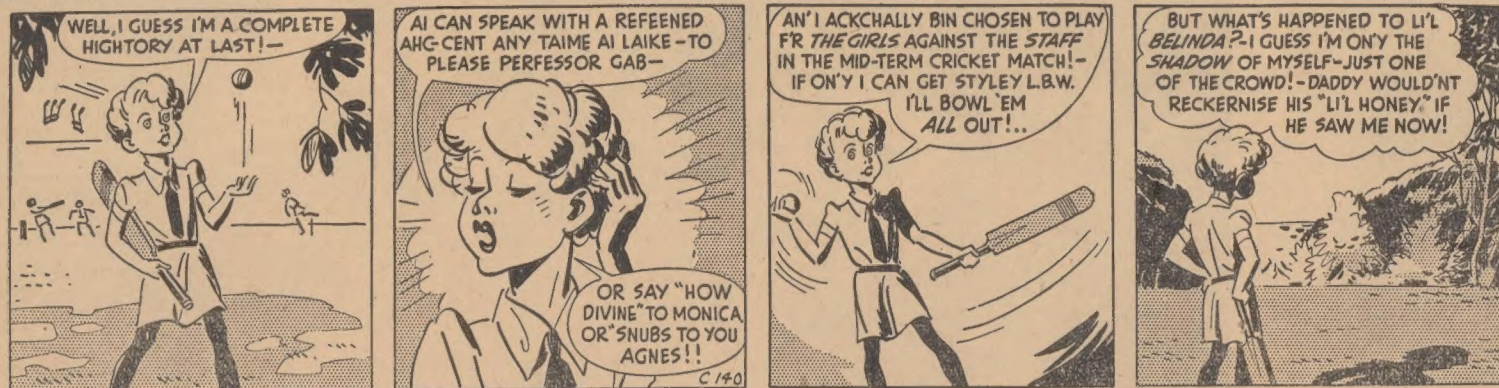
IN BETHLEHEM MARKET.

They say that some of the women of modern Bethlehem are descended from the Crusaders, and are proud of it. They say that the nicest cups and saucers are to be found in Bethlehem market where these women lay out their wares. They say that you don't need to pay the first price asked for the tea services. They say quite a lot about Bethlehem. And here is the cup-and-saucer market, still historical, though modern.

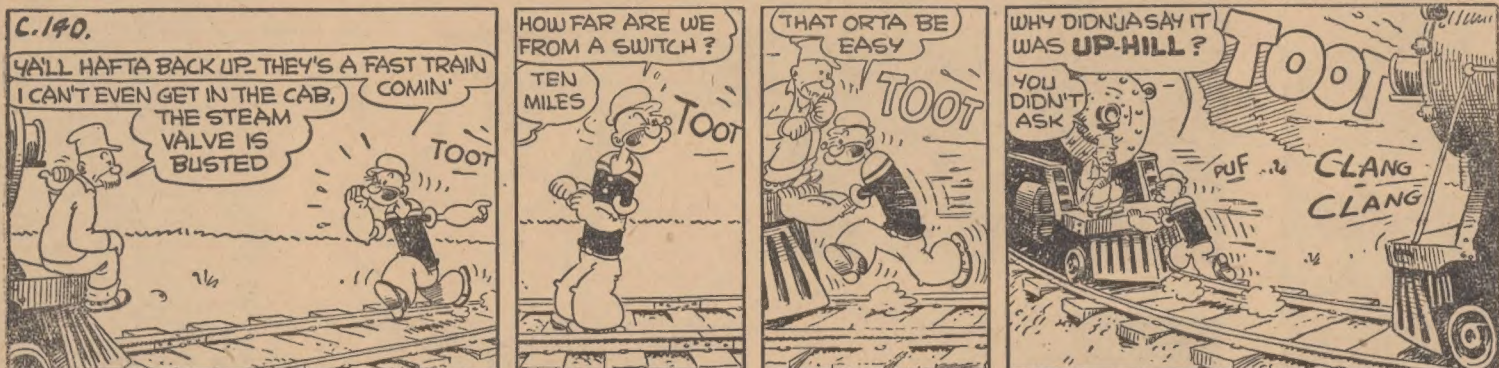
BEELZEBUB JONES



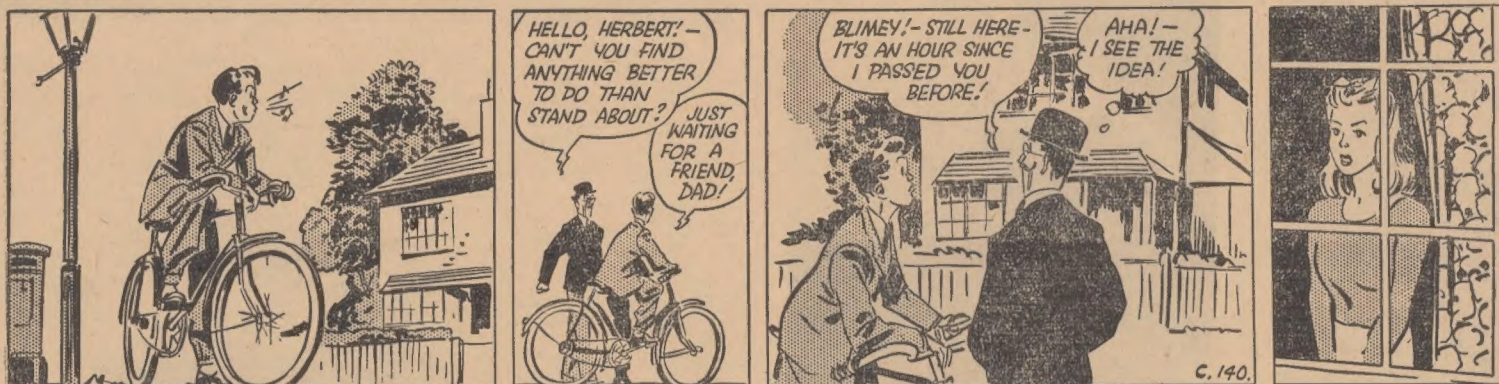
BELINDA



POPEYE



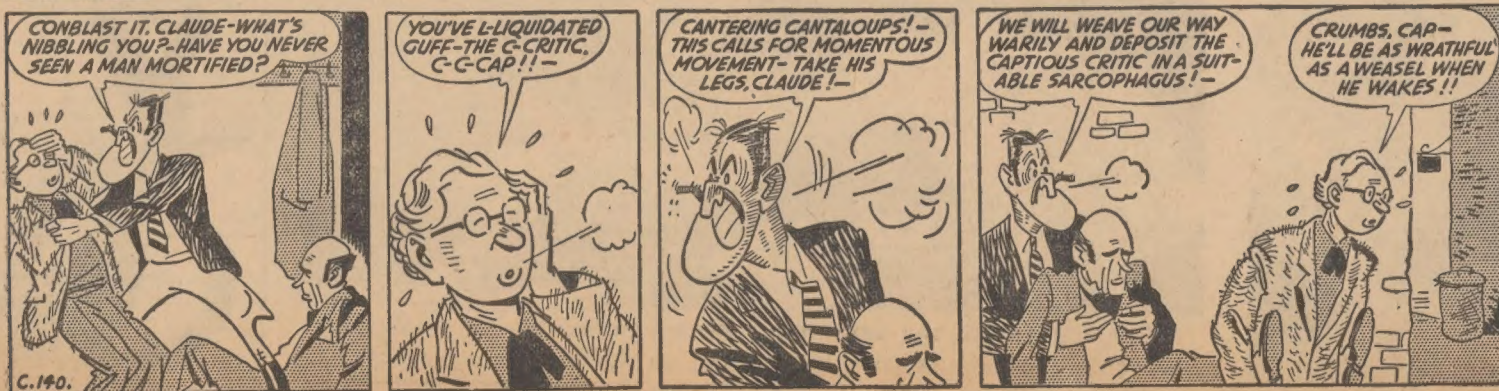
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Just Fancy—

—By Odo Drew—

MAINLY ABOUT PEOPLE.

ONE of the most pleasing features about life in war-time—and one that has been commented on by historians during not only the present conflict, but also during other wars—is the removal of existing barriers between classes and interests that have, at times, seemed completely opposed.

In a word, the lion is seen lying down with the lamb.

It is not unnatural, perhaps, that the lamb does look out of the corner of his eye occasionally, especially when the lion yawns; but it would be unsporting to insist on the fact that these barriers have a way of growing up again when the emergency is past.

There was, however, no sign of anything but the utmost harmony when I dropped in at London's latest gay spot, the Marche Noir, the other evening. One big table, in particular exemplified most happily the broadening of the basis of society that I have mentioned.

In the very cheerful crowd I noticed Lord FitzHugh St. Clair St. George FitzGeorge, president of the Financiers' Federation; Sir Cuthbert Cul de Sac, chairman of the Capitalists' Combine; "Bob" Thruppence, general secretary of the Working Wangers' Union; and Harry Gobbins, president-elect of the Tinkering Trades and Shilly-Shallying Co-operative.

There must have been a dozen people at the table, but the only others I recognised were Canon Finooker, whose miniature greyhound track in the grounds of his church has attracted such immense congregations to St. Noodles; Lady Lucy Lowsey, better known, perhaps, as the Pet of the Pioneers; and Miss "Goldie" Lox, the eminent woman economist and advocate of adult continuation classes in co-education.

Just as I was coming away the party was joined by Freddie Faunteroy, whose recent appointment as Minister of This and That was so delicately explained by the Public Relations Officer of that Ministry.

Poor "Freddie" has not had the best of luck in his ministerial jobs, and there was considerable doubt in official circles as to what post he could next fill with the least harm to the country. The ideal solution was found by creating a new Ministry especially for him.

I did notice that "Bob" Thruppence and Harry Gobbins were both smoking whacking great cigars and drinking bubbly, whilst the peer and the baronet were smoking gaspers and drinking pints of ale.

I reflected that it was probable that only in a democracy like ours could such things happen. I came away with my faith in human nature strengthened.

PASSING THROUGH.

ON their way through London to entertain the troops in the Pelagonian Archipelago, those popular artistes, Lily Marlene and Rosie O'Grady stopped off for a couple of hours to meet the Press. I dropped in for a few minutes to the cocktail party arranged in their honour.

I had not seen Rosie since the Relief of Mafeking—indeed, she has been in almost complete retirement since the Boer War. (It will be remembered that she was married and divorced three times during that long-drawn-out struggle.) But she has come up again to do her bit.

She does, of course, look every year of her age, and her voice is almost completely gone. But flashes of the old spirit come to the surface every now and then, though it is pathetic to see the effort it takes. I am afraid that the proposed tour will take a toll of her long-crumbling health.

But how perfectly splendid of the old bag to get patched up sufficiently even to start the trip!

Lily Marlene, of course, has only been in the public eye of recent months. The troops in Italy fell for her in a big way. She was looking, I thought, a bit jaded, as if she had been pulled through most of the hedges and rolled in most of the ditches between Foggia and Boggia.

And she is a bit on the thin side, though "scraggy" would be too strong a word.

Lily had her pet dog with her. I do not think it is generally known that it was owing to her dog that she became known as the Lady of the Lamplight.

When taking her evening breather, accompanied by this animal, she had, naturally, to stop at most lamp-posts.

It was her astute Press Agent who saw her in the lamplight and immediately seized the opportunity to glamourise her there. You may, if you look carefully at the most famous picture of her, see at the base a shadowy blob.

That was where the dog was cut out.

Alex Cracks

"Pardon me, but are you the newspaper reporter?" said the hostess to a pal at a local do.

"No, lady," replied the bad lad. "It's just that my laundry hasn't come back. I'm out of razor blades, and a bus has run over my hat."

Good Morning

Warner star, Joan Leslie gives a Mona Lisa smile in between shots.

